Enter Flewellen, and Captaine Gower.

Flew. Godes plud kil the boyes and the lugyge,
Tis the arrants peece of knauery as can be desired,
In the worell now, in your conscience now.

Gour. Tis certaine, there is not a Boy left aliue,
And the cowerdly raskals that ran from the battell,
Themselues haue done this slaughter:
Beside, they haue carried away and burnt,
All that was in the kings Tent:
Wherupon the king caused euery prisoners
Throat to be cut. O he is a worthy king.

Flew. I he was born at *Monmorth*.
Captain *Gower*, what call you the place where
Alexander the big was borne?

Gour. *Alexander* the great.

Flew. Why I pray, is nat big great?
As if I say, big or great, or magnanimous,
I hope it is all one reconing,
Saue the frase is a litle varation.

Gour. I thinke *Alexander* the great
Was borne at *Macedon*.
His father was called *Philip* of *Macedon*,
As I take it.

Flew. I thinke it was *Macedon* indeed where *Alexander*
Was borne: looke you captaine *Gower*,
And if you looke into the mappes of the worell well,
You shall finde litle difference betweene
Macedon and *Monmorth*. Looke you, there is
A Riuer in *Macedon*, and there is also a Riuer
In *Monmorth*, the Riuers name at *Monmorth*,
Is called Wye.
But tis out of my braine, what is the name of the other:
But tis all one, tis so like, as my fingers is to my fingers,
And there is Samons in both.
Looke you captaine *Gower*, and you marke it,

You shall finde our King is come after *Alexander*.
God knowes, and you know, that *Alexander* in his
Bowles, and his alles, and his wrath, and his displeasure
And indignations, was kill his friend *Clitus*.

Gower. I but our King is not like him in that,
For he neuer kill'd any of his friends.

Flew. Looke you, tis not well done to take the tale o
Of a mans mouth, ere it is made an end and finished:
I speake in the comparisons, as *Alexander* is kill
His friend *Clitus*: so our King being in his ripe
Wits and iudgements, is turne away, the fat knite
With the great belly doublet: I am forget his name.

Gower. Sir *Iohn Falstaffe*.

Flew. I, I thinke it is Sir Iohn *Falstaffe* indeed,
I can tell you, theres good men borne at *Monmorth*.

Enter King and the Lords.

King. I was not angry since I came into *France*,
Vntill this houre.
Take a trumpet Herauld,
And ride vnto the horsmen on yon hill:
If they will fight with vs bid them come downe,
Or leaue the field, they do offend our sight:
Will they do neither, we will come to them,
And make them skyr away, as fast
As stones enforst from the old Assirian slings.
Besides, weele cut the throats of those we haue,
And not one aliue shall taste our mercy.

Enter the Herauld.

Gods will what meanes this? knowst thou not
That we haue fined these bones of ours for ransome?

Herald. I come great king for charitable fauour,
To sort our Nobles from our common men,
We may haue leaue to bury all our dead,
Which in the field lye spoyled and troden on.

Kin. I tell thee truly Herauld, I do not know whet